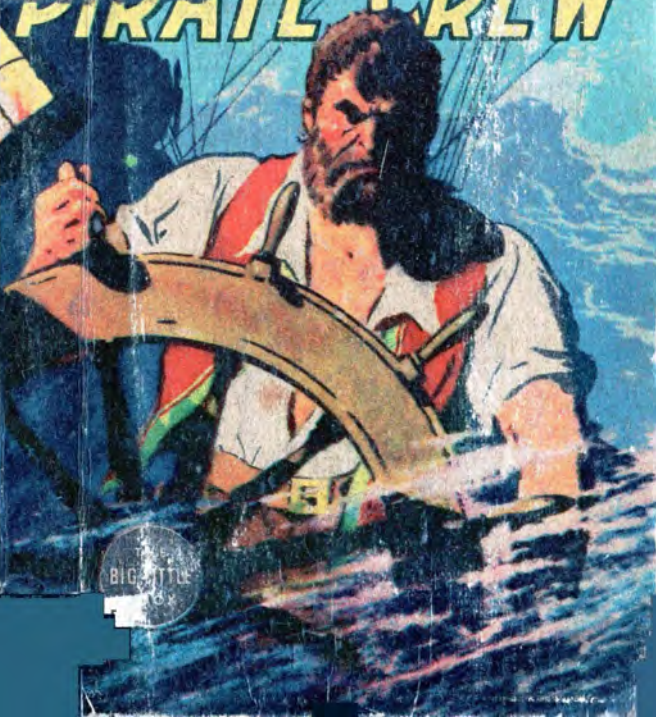


BLACK SILVER and his PIRATE CREW



BLACK SILVER AND HIS PIRATE CREW

(with Tom Trojan)

CHAPTER ONE

Hidden Treasure

TOM TROJAN gently opened the window of his room. Tossing out his few belongings wrapped in a bandana handkerchief, he lowered himself, hanging by his hands from the sill and dropping the little distance to the ground.

No sound broke the stillness.

Sighing with relief, Tom shouldered his bundle—on the end of a stick — and walked swiftly along the road leading to the sea. Once or twice he looked back to see if he was being followed.

It was a bright spring day in the year 1756, and Tom was off to seek adventure — and perhaps his fortune.

Left an orphan by seafaring parents, Tom was born with the tang of salt spray in his nostrils. That



Off to Seek Adventure

was why he had run away—to go to sea. Every time he thought of it his steps became more jaunty and his heart bounded with joy.

Dawn was just breaking when he glimpsed the long breakers rolling in from the sea across the beach.

Tired from his long walk, he lay down by a sand dune to watch the waves, and promptly fell asleep.

When he awoke, it must have been some hours later, for the sun



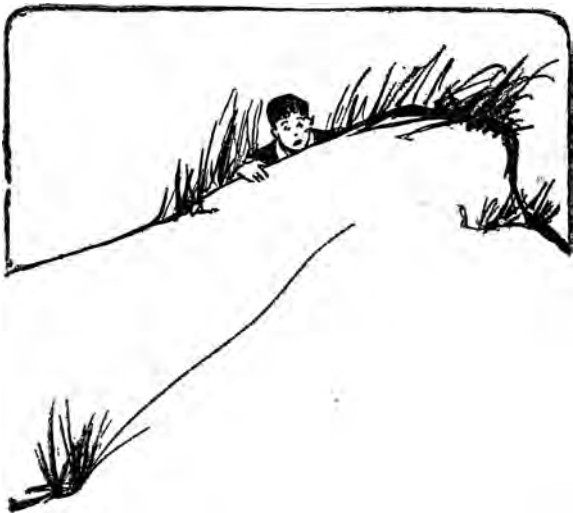
Tom Promptly Fell Asleep

was high in the sky. But it was not the sun's rays which had awakened him. On the other side of the dune he heard voices, and someone counting.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

Quietly Tom raised his head to look, and quickly ducked behind the sand dune again.

Not many yards away he had seen four men, two white and two black.



He Raised His Head to Look

The man who was speaking wore a long red coat with a great broadsword hanging at his side. On his head was wound a brilliant green handkerchief, over which he wore a black hat with crossed white lines on the front of it. He stood with his arms folded, and in each hand he held a pistol. Long mustaches hung down from each side of his upper lip. Across one cheek was the livid mark of a great scar.

Altogether he was a terrible-



A Man in a Long Scarlet Cloak

looking man, Tom thought, as he stood there, with his legs wide apart, giving orders.

The other white man had his black hair tied into a small queue behind his head, with a black kerchief wound over it. Around his waist was a broad leather belt into which were thrust two pistols. He also wore a sword at his side. He looked as vicious but was not so luxuriously dressed as the leader. He was leaning on a shovel.



The Other Man Was Also Armed

The negroes, naked to the waist, were straining under the weight of a great metal chest, fastened with a padlock, which they were carrying.

“Fifteen paces,” the leader counted. “Mark that down, Pete. Dig there,” he added to the black men.

The two negroes took shovels and dug a hole in the sand. They were told to put the chest in it. They did so and covered it up. Then the sand



Two Negroes Carried a Chest

was smoothed off until no sign remained that anything had been buried there.

Ordering the blacks ahead, the two pirates — for Tom was now sure that they were pirates — marched down the beach. Suddenly the man in the red coat yanked his sword out and with two swift lunges drove it through each negro in turn, so quickly that neither cried out. Leaving the two men mortally wounded, the leader and



"Dead Men Tell No Tales."

his companion got into a waiting small boat and were rowed out to a ship which had sails all set.

“Dead men tell no tales.”

Tom felt these dire words ringing in his ears, though no one had spoken them. What he had just seen was more eloquent than hearing the words aloud.

Quivering with fright, Tom watched the pirate ship sail. It was a large vessel, evidently built for speed. The billowing canvas was a



Rowed out to the Waiting Ship

pretty sight, but what caught Tom's eye was the black flag at the mast-head. Was that the Jolly Roger?

Some time later, Tom decided that it was safe to investigate the chest he had watched the negroes bury. He had no tools, but he set to work with his hands. The sand was soft, and after a time he managed to uncover the hidden treasure.

The chest was stoutly built of heavy oak, bound with bands of iron. The large padlock looked very



He Had Watched the Negroes Bury It

strong. Tom hunted about and found a large rock, which he tugged back to the hole—for he could not hope to move the chest. Lifting the rock again and again, he dropped it repeatedly on the top of the chest, until at last he had pounded through a hole.

Thrusting a small hand into the chest, he felt something cold and smooth. Grabbing a handful, he withdrew it—and gasped.

“Pirate gold!” he whispered.



He Lifted the Rock Again and Again

Handful after handful he took out. There on the sand, glittering before his eyes, were Spanish pieces-of-eight, Portuguese dobra, English guineas—incredible wealth from all over the world.

Thrilled beyond words, Tom gloated over these sudden riches.



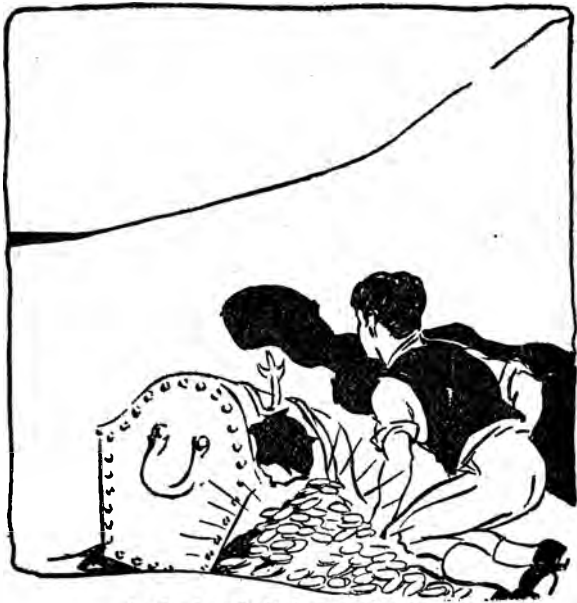
Pirate Treasure

CHAPTER TWO

A Prisoner

Absorbed in the pile of golden coins, Tom forgot everything else. He had just set about counting the money when a shadow fell across the sand by the chest.

As Tom jumped to his feet in alarm, a loud laugh burst out behind him.



A Shadow Fell Across the Sand

There, his hands on his hips, stood the man in the red coat—the leader of the pirates who had supervised the burying of the treasure chest that morning!

Frozen to the spot, Tom saw that on the front of the man's large black hat there was a white skull, and below it two crossed bones—the badge of piracy.

There was a moment of silence.

“Aye, my lad,” the buccaneer said at last. “Trying to make away



There Stood the Man in the Red Coat

with the loot of the 'Revenge,' be ye?"

Tom, speechless with fright, could not find his tongue.

"We've sacked cities, we've put whole ships' crews to the sword, we've driven dozens to walk the plank and left many a man's bones to bleach in the sun on the beach. Their gold is in that chest. I should run ye through, I should."

With a scowl as black as his hat, the man grabbed the hilt of his



“—Left Many a Man’s Bones—”

sword so fiercely that it made a jingling sound in the scabbard.

Unable to move, Tom stood his ground. If he had run, the pirate would probably have stricken him down from behind.

“You’re cool, my lad — cool as any cucumber. Trying to steal my gold and then standing there defying me.”

In spite of the stern tone of his voice, the man let his sword drop again without drawing it. He sat



"You're Cool, My Lad."

down on the broken chest and pointed a long finger at Tom.

“You’re a young pirate, that’s what ye are,” he accused. “I should slit your throat, but I won’t. I’ll take ye to the Captain and let him do it.”

“I’m not a pirate!” Tom blurted out, finding his tongue.

The red-coated man laughed aloud again.

“Well, it’s a harsh word — pirate,” the man admitted, “and I



"You're a Young Pirate."

don't relish it meself. Call me a freebooter now, or mayhap a buccaneer, but save your name 'pirate' for the likes o' the Captain, aye, the old blackbeard. 'Black' Silver they call him, and a fitting name for him."

Tom began to breathe somewhat easier, for the man seemed to have become less terrifying.

"Pete!"

The sound startled Tom anew, and he turned his head to see the



They Stood With Drawn Knives

companion of the morning standing there with another sailor. Each held a sharp knife. The second man had a black patch over one eye, and looked like a villain in a nightmare.

“Aye, aye, sir,” Pete replied. “Shall we cut him up in pieces the size o’ them there doubloons, sir?”

Tom swallowed hard. He had not forgotten how the man in the red coat had stabbed the two negroes in the back that morning. The two black bodies still lay out there in



How He Had Stabbed in the Back

the sun, unburied on the beach.

“Get that gold back in that chest, Pete,” came the command. “Then you two carry it down to the long-boat. We’ll take no more chances with that treasure on this coast, ye may lay to that. As for this lad here, he’s coming with me to see Captain Sebastian Silver himself, no less.”

Tom remembered afterward that the freebooter, as he preferred to be called, had not spoken his cap-



"Get the Gold Back in the Chest."

tain's name with any great amount of respect.

Striding down the beach, the man expected Tom to follow. Not daring to flee, Tom did follow.

"What's your name—sir?" Tom managed to stammer out.

A black scowl met this query. Then, "Scarlet, my lad," came the reply; "Scarlet, like my coat, at your service."

"Thank you for not cutting my throat, Mr. Scarlet," Tom ven-



The Pirate Ship

tured, as he climbed into the waiting boat.

“It was no favor to you,” the buccaneer assured the boy. “We always save the tidbits for the Captain. I daresay it will be quite a choice thing, now, for old Black Silver to slit a throat as young as the one ye have there.”

Bewildered and frightened again, Tom said no more.

In a few minutes Pete and his companion struggled down the



They Struggled With the Chest

beach with their heavy burden. Stowing the chest in the longboat right at Tom's feet, they shoved off.

The two sailors rowed heartily, and they steadily approached the great vessel flying the pirate flag, which stood ready to sail, riding the gentle swell of the sea like a poised huge black bird.



Out to the Waiting Vessel

CHAPTER THREE

The "Revenge"

Tom Trojan was indeed going to sea, which had been his ambition ever since he could remember. But now, though his young heart was strong, he was appalled by all he could remember of the tales of pirates and their dark deeds.

The boat pulled alongside the



Tom Climbed up With Agility

ship, and a rope ladder was tossed down. Scarlet told the boy to climb up, and Tom did so with agility, jumping over the ship's rail onto the deck. The other occupants of the longboat followed swiftly.

Ordered to stand where he was, Tom watched with interest while the longboat was raised in the davits and the treasure chest lifted out. The chest was carried into the cabin—the Captain's cabin, Tom surmised.



The Chest Was Taken into a Cabin

The deck was the scene of feverish activity, for the anchor was being weighed and the "Revenge" was getting under way. Above the din and confusion Tom heard the ringing voice of one man giving orders. It was that of Captain Silver, he supposed, judging from his heavy black beard.

Finding a large coil of rope out of the way, Tom sat on it to survey the deck. Many of the sailors were dressed in outlandish fashion. Some



Getting Under Way

had large rings hanging from their ears, and wore brilliantly colored sashes in which were stuck knives, cutlasses, and pistols. Some wore soft kid boots. Almost all were tattooed on arms, backs, chests, wrists.

It was a rough-looking crew, and Tom wondered what they might do to a boy who had tried to make away with some of their gold.

The boat swung to before the wind, which, catching the great spread of gleaming white canvas,



Dressed in Outlandish Fashion

pushed the vessel into motion. The "Revenge" heeled over under the force of it, and the sharp bow threw up two green sheets as it cut through the waves, the white foam trailing behind in a long furrow of bubbles that gradually leveled off and disappeared into the sea.

A hand was clapped on Tom's shoulder.

"A-dreamin', me hearty? Look lively, an' come along now to beg yer life from that cutthroat, Cap'n



It Was a Rough-Looking Crew

Black Silver," said a voice.

It was Pete who led Tom into the Captain's cabin. From inside, the boy could hear the roar of the bull-like voice. Pete laid his hand on the handle of the door, but before he could turn it the door was flung violently open and a man was propelled out by the heavy boot of the Captain's foot.

"Lazy dog!" the blackbearded skipper called. "Next time ye'll swing from a yardarm. I should let



A Man Was Kicked Out

ye taste the cat-o'-nine-tails now. I'm too soft—you pigs take advantage o' it."

Putting his arms on his hips, the Captain stared at the boy.

"Wal, what do ye want, young-un?"

Pete made a leg and touched his forelock, ushering Tom into the cabin. It was a fairly large room with a huge lantern swinging from the ceiling. The walls were covered with navigation charts. On the



Black Silver Stared at the Boy

table stood a sextant, and a tall bottle with a partly filled glass near it. The liquids slopped back and forth with the motion of the ship.

Across one end of the room was a bunk, on which rested the treasure chest which had lured Tom aboard the "Revenge."

"This be the lad, Cap'n," Pete said, and left them alone.

Black Silver sat down heavily at the table, scowling all the while at Tom.



Inside the Captain's Cabin

“Wal, you’re an imp of a lad,” the deep voice rumbled. “What’s fittin’ fer ye? Shall ye be drawn an’ quartered like ordinary carrion, or do ye think ye deserve somethin’ better?”

As though to be ready, the black-bearded pirate drew his long sword and laid its curved blade across the table. Tom gazed at the weapon with fascinated eyes.

“I guess I thought the treasure was as much mine as yours,” Tom



The Sword Was on the Table, Ready

managed to gulp, his eyes still on the sword.

Captain Black Silver stroked his black beard.

“So? The pot callin’ the kettle black, eh? You’re right, me lad. We’re both of us thieves!”

Tom started to speak, and stopped. The wholly unexpected way in which the pirate was looking at him, held him spellbound.

“You’re a likely lad, an’ doubtless could learn to slit throats along



Captain Black Silver

o' the best of us. I'll make ye cabin boy o' the good ship 'Revenge' an' let ye get sliced to ribbons in my service. Tell Pete to send the rascally Scarlet in so I can tell 'im."

Something in the man's tone made Tom's blood run cold. But he had no choice. He must do as he was told.

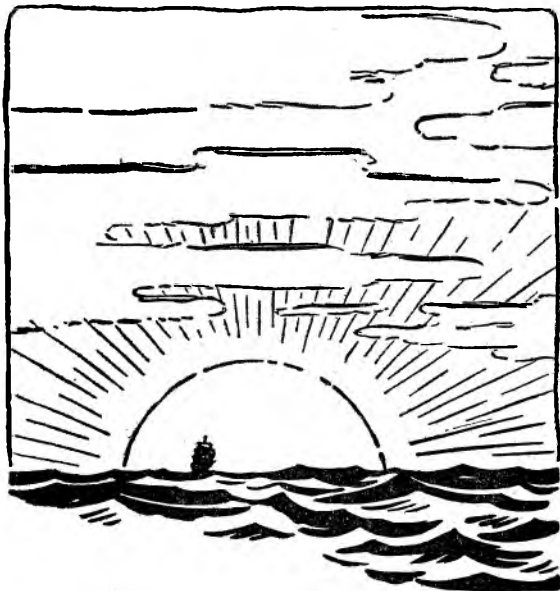


Tom Talked Right Back to Him

CHAPTER FOUR

The Bounding Main

Thrills and excitement were not the lot of Tom Trojan as cabin boy of the "Revenge." The hardest tasks fell to him to do. When he was not cleaning pots and pans in the galley, or carrying grog to the crew of ruffians, he was serving mess at the long wooden tables or



The "Revenge" Sailed Southward

tidying up the Captain's cabin.

The sailors looked on the boy as a landlubber. He was made the butt of coarse jokes, and more than once a foot thrust out as he was passing sent him sprawling, causing him to spill whatever he was carrying. The men laughed loud and long at what they regarded as great fun.

However, Tom was both industrious and plucky. The men liked him because he worked hard, and they admired him more and more



Tom Was Often Sent Sprawling

for his spunk. Some of the sailors began to take him under their wings, teaching him to splice ropes, reef sails, take sounding, and perform other tasks essential in the life of a seaman.

Scarlet, who was first officer, even became so friendly that he explained how Tom had got caught in the first place.

“Suspicious, he was, as usual,” Scarlet muttered. “That Black Silver’d suspect his own left hand



He Learned to Cast the Line

out of sight of his right. Took his spyglass and looked at us all the time we were ashore sinking that chest in the sand, and so he saw you too, lad, when you began to root in the sand after the gold pieces."

As the days passed, the weather grew warmer, for the "Revenge" was sailing south. Under the rays of the sun Tom became tanned, bronzed to the dark hue of some of the more swarthy members of the crew.



Captain Silver Took His Spyglass

One thing Tom delighted to do was climb to the crow's-nest at the highest point of the mainmast and share the view of the lookout. From that height, halfway between heaven and earth, between sky and sea, Tom loved to watch the wind-driven spray turning the green waves to white far below.

With every motion of the ship, the nest where the boy stood would swing to and fro, now swooping forward as the vessel nosed down



The Crow's-Nest

into the trough of a wave, now swinging back as it rose on the crest of the next one.

"I feel as though I were flying like the gulls circling the ship," he confided to Scarlet once.

"Aye," the first officer agreed. "Ye haven't tried out your wings yet, though."

Occasionally the lookout gave a familiar cry.

"Sail ho!"

From the deck would come the



Gulls Circling the Ship

answer, "Where away?"

"Two point off the starboard bow, sir."

The helmsman would change the course of the "Revenge" to overhaul the other ship, and at such times the Jolly Roger would not be flying. Every time a ship was sighted Tom was afraid that they were going to give chase, but every time Captain Silver gave up whatever idea he may have had. Either he did not think the prize worth tak-



A Ship Was Sighted

ing, or he thought he was in dangerous waters for piracy.

After many days sailing a group of islands were sighted. Tom learned later they were not far from the mainland of North America, and that among them was many a refuge for freebooters and buccaneers. The "Revenge" put into one of these outlaw ports, and the men were allowed to go ashore.

Tom also was permitted to leave the vessel. At first, the boy had



A Group of Tropical Islands

dreamed of escape. But he found that no escape was possible on those lawless shores.

The crew of every ship that put in there was soon roisterously making merry.

Great fires were built on the beach, around which the men gathered to feast and drink themselves into a stupor.

Tom Trojan soon had enough of the rough carousing and returned to the ship to wait for its departure.



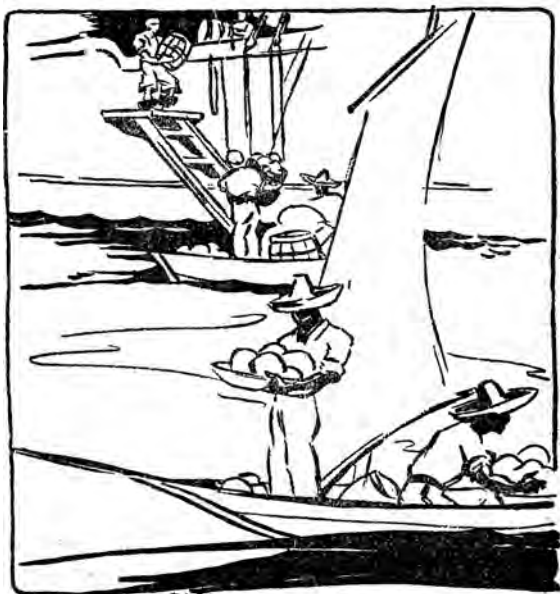
Merrymaking and Carousing

CHAPTER FIVE

On the High Seas

His ship reprovisioned and his crew aboard once more, Captain Silver lost no time in getting under way. The "Revenge" was soon cruising through the tropical waters of the Caribbean looking for worthwhile prizes.

Here, along the region noted as



Pirate Waters

the Spanish Main and adjacent waters, sailed many a rich vessel heavily laden with the wealth of Spain's colonies in the New World. Here, too, were merchantmen bringing valuable cargoes to the new lands. All were pirates' prey.

"Sail ho!"

At the familiar cry the whole crew bestirred themselves. The decks were cleared for action. All loose coils of rope were stowed below. Muskets and pistols were



Taking on New Provisions

broken out and distributed to the crew. The four cannon were loaded to the muzzle with bar and chain shot. Grappling hooks were placed to hand, ready for use in boarding. Every man took his place, awaiting the battle all knew was coming.

The lookout reported that the ship flew the English flag. At a word from Black Silver, the Union Jack was run up to the masthead of the "Revenge" and unfurled to the breeze.



Ready to Do Battle

Extra canvas was crowded on, and the "Revenge" swiftly overhauled the unfortunate ship. The helmsman swung the wheel to bring the pirate vessel across the bow of the stranger.

Tom was filled with misgiving as he saw these preparations for violence and bloodshed. Uppermost in his mind was a desire to warn the unsuspecting other vessel. In a corner by himself, he brooded until he thought of a plan.



The Ship Was Overhauled

Knowing that the guns were loaded, Tom also knew that it would take but a spark to set them off. To fire one of the guns would give warning of attack, but what would happen to Tom? The boy knew what the wrath of these cut-throats was like.

Meanwhile the two ships drew nearer and nearer together.

At last Tom jumped to his feet with determination. In the confusion he might not be noticed. As

Tom Brooded



cautiously as he knew how, the boy crept down to the galley where a fire was roaring in the stove. Lighting a taper at this flame, he carried it on deck. Shielding the lighted tip from the gaze of the crew, Tom went to one of the cannon, of which the black muzzle was still hidden by a sheet of canvas so that the "Revenge" would seem peaceful to any observer. With a quick movement, Tom thrust the taper into the touchhole of the cannon.



He Lit the Taper

At that instant a heavy hand grabbed his shoulder and whirled him around to confront the scowling black face of Captain Silver. The man reached for the taper, but was just too late.

The cannon went off with a roar.

The English ship took such swift warning from the explosion that she seemed almost to jump. More canvas was crowded on her as she changed her course to escape the pirates.



A Hand Sent Him Sprawling

Realizing that they were now sailing under their true colors, the crew of the "Revenge" hauled down the Union Jack and ran up the Jolly Roger.

Seeing what had happened, Black Silver lost all patience.

"You fool!" he cried.

With a blow on the chin he sent Tom spinning across the deck. A half-dozen sailors, knives drawn, eyes gleaming, sprang at the boy. Scarlet, seeing what was taking



A Blow on the Chin

place, immediately leaped into the fray, shouting something at the Captain.

Instantly the pirate chief grabbed a belaying pin and began to beat about him to disperse the bloodthirsty sailors. A few cracked skulls quickly dampened their ardor.

Tom, saved from sudden death by the intervention of Scarlet, got to his feet. At a word from Black Silver, two men seized him and led

The Pirate Chief Took a Belaying Pin



him below to the dark hold. There he was clapped in irons and left in the blackness.

Waiting in the darkness, Tom listened fearfully, expecting any minute to hear muffled reports of firearms and other sounds which would tell him that the battle was on.

However, all he could detect were indications that the "Revenge" was still sailing, straining every plank in her to overtake the English



The "Revenge" Was Still Sailing

merchantman. After what seemed many hours, the sounds of straining ceased, and everything was quieter. From this Tom judged that night had fallen and that the chase had been abandoned.

His first hope that the irons might be loose was doomed to disappointment. Shackles such as these were made to hold strong men, and no mere boy could hope to shake them off. At last he fell asleep, hopelessly hungry.



Shackles Made to Hold Strong Men

When he awoke he blinked in the light from a lantern, which seemed so bright that it blinded him. He rubbed his eyes, and saw two pirates unfastening his irons. Then they roughly dragged him on deck.

As he passed pirates lolling about, some of them cursed him and blamed him for their failure to capture a rich prize that day. Tom was relieved to know that the English ship had got safely away.



Tom Was Blinded by the Lantern

CHAPTER SIX

The Draw of a Card

Once more Tom was led, a prisoner, before Black Silver. The Captain sat with his cutlass on the table, and when he saw Tom he pounded with his fist.

“Wal, me hearty, sink an’ scuttle me if ye don’t think ye’re captain o’ the good ship ‘Revenge’!” he roared.



Brought Before Black Silver Again

“First ye take the treasure to be yours, an’ then ye fire a cannon without orders. Do ye next intend to sink us, youngun?”

Tom stood silent, not knowing anything suitable to say.

“Now I thought ye meant to warn the prize,” Black Silver went on, after guzzling some ale from a tankard before him, “an’ I would ‘a’ slit yer windpipe from stem to stern. But Scarlet, he says no—ye was jest impetuous like, not hardly



Guzzling Some Ale From a Tankard

able to wait till ye tried yer wings. So I clapped ye in irons, as a lesson. Had enough?"

The Captain stood up and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

Tom swallowed hard. Mr. Scarlet had meant well, to tell the Captain that, but—the boy could not sail under false colors any longer. He would be no better than a pirate if he did not break out his true colors.

"I did mean to warn the English ship," he asserted, with his heart



The Captain Stood Up

pounding as though it would burst his chest.

“Oho!” the Captain roared. “Ye want yer gullet laid open like a herring, do ye?”

Again Tom was silent.

“Wal, I’m in a good humor,” Black Silver bellowed, sitting down again. “I’ll give ye a chance. I’ll let the cards decide.”

The man picked up some greasy cards from the table. Shuffling them, he placed the pile face down.



Pete the Pirate

“Draw a card,” he told Tom. “If it’s a spade, ye walk the plank in pirate fashion—a quick death an’ a easy one. If it’s clubs, ye get a swift cutlass swipe that’ll lay ye open to be salted an’ dried. If it’s a heart, we strap ye over the mouth of a cannon an’ let ’er blow ye galley-west. If it’s diamonds, ye gets set adrift or marooned. Draw a card, youngun.”

Tom was stout-hearted, but the brutal words of Black Silver hit



Tom Drew a Card

him like blows. He reached out a hand, trying desperately to keep it from trembling. It made little difference what card he drew, as he was doomed anyway.

Pausing for a second, he took a card and turned it over. It was the king of diamonds.

"Lucky lad!" whispered Pete, who had been watching over the boy's shoulder. "It's to be marooned ye are."

"Cheated us, that's what," Black



"Lucky Lad!"

Silver roared. "But I'm a man o' me word. We'll follow the card. Put the boy adrift in a boat, an' he won't be interferin' with us any more, I'll be bound."

Pete took Tom firmly by the wrist and led him on deck. The pirates yelled and jeered when they heard of Tom's fate. Many said that to be put adrift was too good for the little traitor.

As Tom climbed into the boat while it swung from the davits,



The Pirates Yelled and Jeered

Scarlet stepped up to him.

“Good luck, Tom,” he whispered. “I’ve put a jug of water in the boat—it’s all I could do.”

“Thanks, Mr. Scarlet,” Tom returned.

The boat struck the waves and Tom cast off. Slowly the great bulk of the “Revenge” slipped away, leaving the boy alone on the vast ocean.

At first Tom was afraid that his little craft might capsize. Even if



Tom Was Cast Adrift

it did not, he would surely die of starvation or thirst.

Night fell and he could not see through the blackness. Having no choice, he decided to trust to luck, and since it would do no good to row in the dark, he lay down in the bottom of the boat to sleep till morning.

When he awoke, he was surrounded by water. Under the broiling sun, he rowed for a time, but did not know in which direction to



At First He Thought He Might Capsize

go, so did not outdo himself.

Overhead some gulls screamed.

“Waitin’ fer me to die, eh?” Tom cried. Then, as a new thought struck him, “Could those birds mean land is near? I’m not sure what kind they are.”

Through that day he saw neither ship nor land. He sparingly moistened his lips with water from the jug, determined to make the precious fluid last as long as possible.

When night fell he was very



Daylight

tired, what with fits of rowing and all the worry about his fate. His sleep was filled with bad dreams, and the night was ages long.

At daylight he awoke. Rubbing his eyes, he blinked and rubbed them again. Was this another dream? No—ahead of him was a small island, perhaps a mile distant. On it were waving palm trees.

Shipping his oars, Tom rowed toward the island, pulling with all his might.



Tom Beached His Boat

When he beached his boat, a wave almost capsized it, but Tom did not care, he was so glad to set foot on dry land again. Then, on second thought, he pulled the boat high up on the shore, for he did not want it to be washed away.

To celebrate his feeling of relief, he permitted himself a long drink of water from the jug.



Celebrating With a Drink

CHAPTER SEVEN

Turtle Island

After he had rested, Tom set out to explore what was apparently going to be his new home. Spying some berries on low bushes, he tasted them, found them palatable, and ate some, for he was ravenously hungry. A spring of fresh water next caught his eye, and assured



Exploring His New Home

him that now he would not die of thirst. And in the stream formed by the spring, he saw fish.

Hurrying back to his boat, Tom found that a piece of rope was still fastened to the bow. Unraveling some of it, he soon made himself a fishline. Finding a pin in a buttonless part of his shirt, Tom bent it crooked to serve for a hook. Thus equipped, he dug in damp sand for some worms to use as bait.

As a fisherman, Tom was re-

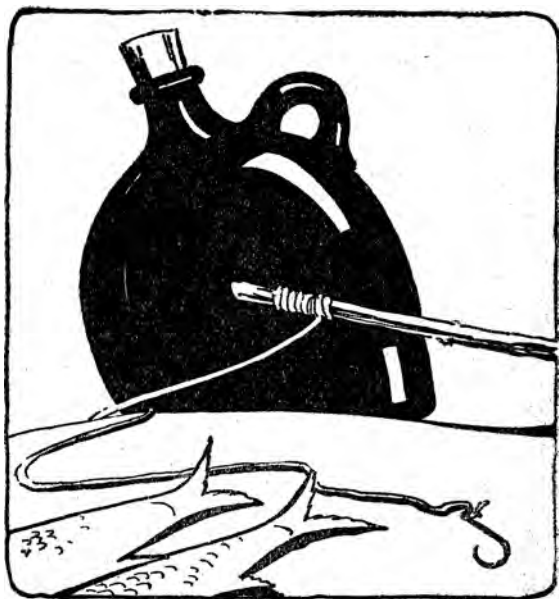


He Ate One of the Fish Raw

warded with four fine fish. The pirates had left him his jackknife, and he cleaned the fish. One of them he ate raw, and his hunger was so great that it tasted very good indeed.

However, he wanted his next meal cooked. To that end, he thought of how he might have a fire.

Searching the beach, he happened upon a piece of board thrown up by the waves, evidently a piece



Water and Food

of wreckage. In the center of this he bored a small hole with the point of his knife. From the edges he whittled fine shavings to serve as tinder, which he placed close around the hole.

Close at hand he placed more shavings and a handful of dry twigs to serve as kindling. He also gathered some sticks to do for firewood—if he should succeed in making fire.

Next he cut a stout branch from



He Cut a Hole in the Board

a shrub and peeled the bark from it. Using a length of wild grapevine for cord, he bent the green branch into the shape of a bow. Another stick he sharpened to a point, which he placed in the hole of the first board. Taking a turn with the grapevine around this stick, which he held upright under a knot from one of the fallen larger branches he had found, he was ready to begin.

By sawing to and fro with the



Making Fire

bow, he twirled the upright stick rapidly in the socket of the bottom board. Faster and faster he whirled it. At last, when he was beginning to think he never would succeed, a thin wisp of smoke curled up from the tinder. Encouraged, he plied the bow even more furiously—until a small flame licked at the little pile of shavings.

Carefully Tom added more shavings, twigs, and small bits of wood. He must not smother his wee flame.

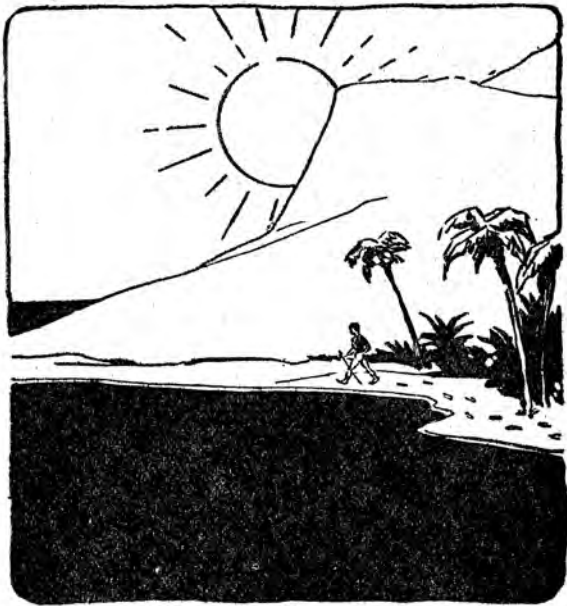


After That He Cooked the Fish

These little pieces caught, and he then added larger pieces. In a short while he had a roaring fire on the beach.

Broiling his remaining fish, he found them delicious. Now that he had the means of making fire, he would not have to eat raw flesh again.

The day was already nearly gone, but Tom decided—for exercise if nothing else—to walk a mile or two down the beach and the same dis-



A Mile or Two Down the Beach

tance in the opposite direction. He did so, but found nothing except more driftwood and debris washed up in some time long past.

As the sun was setting he returned to where he had beached his boat. He had saved one fish for breakfast, so he had nothing more to do except to make sure that he had enough wood to keep his fire alive throughout the night.

In the gunwhale of his boat Tom cut a small notch. This was the be-



As the Sun Was Setting

ginning of his calendar: he would make a small notch for each day and a larger one for each seventh day, to indicate the weeks as they passed.

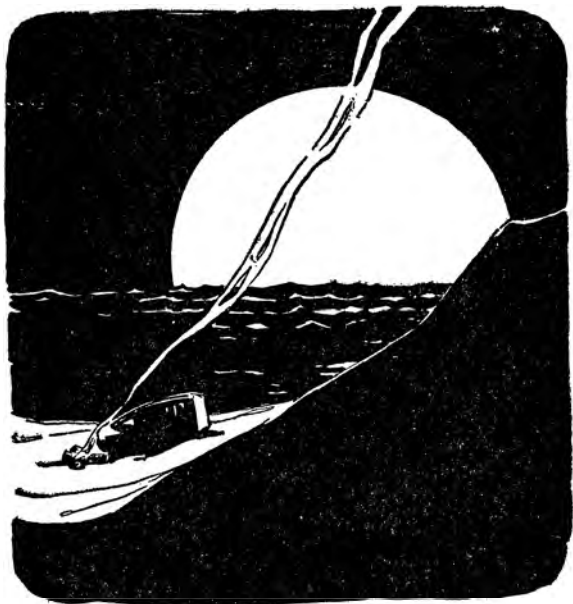
Turning the boat on its side to act as a windbreak, Tom made his bed under it. The sounds of the waves and the night noises in the wilderness of his island lulled him to sleep.

Just before he dropped off, he was wondering how many deep



Comfortable for the Night

notches he would have to carve in the gunwale of his boat before he would be rescued. He made up his mind to prepare a signal fire on the highest point of the island, to be lighted if any ship should be sighted.



Lulled into Deep Slumber

CHAPTER EIGHT

Mapping the Island

Up at dawn, Tom found that his fire had burned low. Soon he had it blazing, however, and cooked his fish for breakfast. Then he carefully banked his fire, so that it would keep while he further explored his island.

Finding a fairly thin piece of

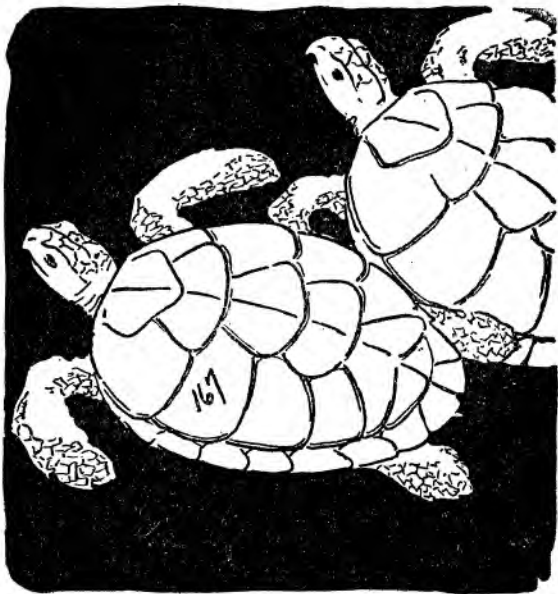


Finding a Piece of Planking

planking among the driftwood, he took it with him. He also made himself a pencil by charring a stick of wood in the fire. It was his intention to make a map of the island as he explored it.

First he would walk entirely around the island on the shore. Marching along with an improvised staff, he felt that he was the only human being on the island, and that it was all his.

Noticing some large dark objects



Sea Turtles

ahead of him, which moved toward the water as he approached, he moved cautiously. They proved to be sea turtles.

“Aha,” Tom thought, “that means food—turtle eggs, and, perhaps, if I can catch and kill one, turtle meat. But that will have to wait until later.”

A mile or so farther on, he was stopped by the wide mouth of a stream emptying into the sea. To cross it he had to follow the bank



Off to Explore the Island

into the woods for some distance. He came to a natural bridge formed by a fallen tree trunk, and crossed it safely.

Then he returned to the beach to continue his encircling march. At noon, which he judged by the height of the sun directly overhead, Tom stopped and ate a lunch of some fish he had brought with him, and some berries he had found in the woods.

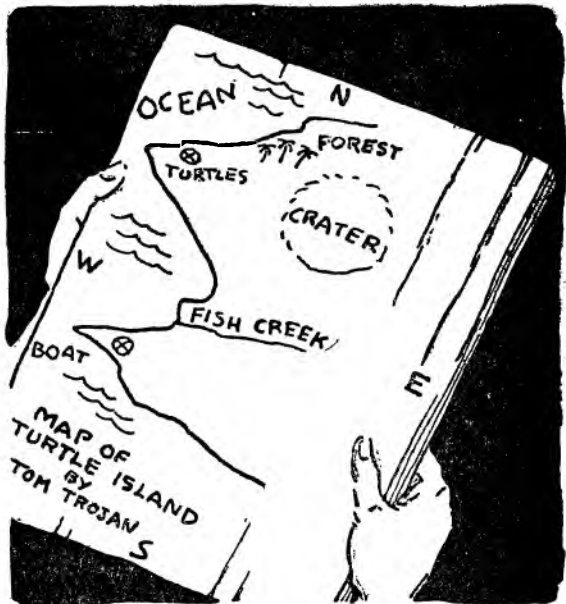
As he continued his walk in the



The Wide Mouth of a Stream

afternoon, he noticed from the position of the sun that he was bearing more to his own right. He must already be turning to come around the island from the other side.

Drawing a rough outline of the island on his board, he named it Turtle Island, after the terrapins he had seen that morning, and marked the places he had discovered. On the westward side of the island he found the rookery of thousands of seagulls, and off shore



Tom Drew a Rough Map

was a long reef which would make the approach of any vessel from this direction extremely hazardous if not impossible. A ship could land only from the north, east, or south.

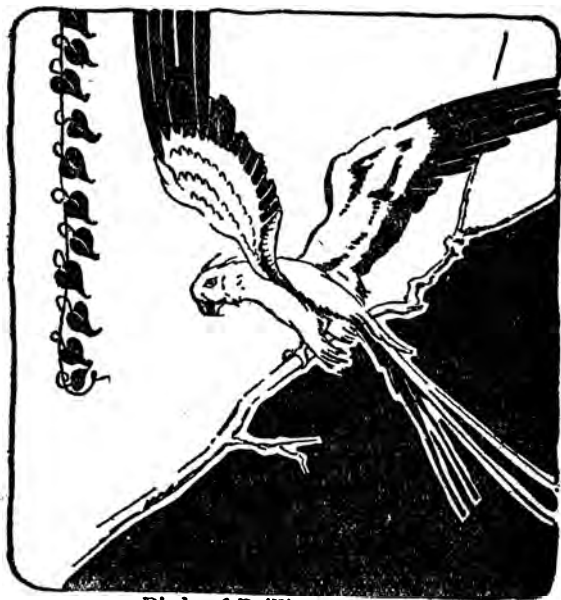
Gazing at a hill which rose from the center of the island, Tom decided that it looked like an extinct volcano. This suggested, from what he had heard of such things, that the whole island might have been formed by an eruption some time in the past.



He Gazed up at the Hill

He saw no large animals except the turtles. But among the trees he spied many birds of brilliant plumage which chattered at him as he passed.

All his hopes that the land might be connected to the mainland were dashed when he succeeded in rounding the island—a distance of some fifteen miles, at least. He was apparently alone on a desert island, for there were no signs of human habitation.



Birds of Brilliant Pluimage

Cooking his supper over his revived fire, he prepared for bed, and, being weary, soon fell into a dreamless sleep.

The next day Tom decided to build himself a shelter, no matter how crude. He knew that he could not do much with his only tool—his knife. But he resolved to try.

He selected a site up the bank of the stream a little way, staying close by the stream for its abundance of fish.



Cooking His Supper

Cutting down tall saplings and trimming off the branches, he bent these into the form of a circular hut, using tough grapevines to tie them in place. Having noticed some rushes growing not far off, he cut some to use as a covering or thatch. It was hard work, and took several hours, but Tom at last had a shelter.

Scouring the beach for driftwood, he secured himself a supply of fuel. Then he moved his fire to the front



Tom's Thatched Hut

of his hut, and also dragged his boat within the shelter of the trees.

Tom's next task, he decided, was to prepare a large bonfire on the island peak, to be ready if he should sight a vessel. He set out to climb the mountain, and though it was hardly more than a hill, he found the ascent difficult because of the heavy undergrowth.

Near the top, all the larger growth of trees disappeared, and Tom could see that bringing fire-



Going Through Heavy Undergrowth

wood was going to be hard work. However, he went on up to get a view of his island. At the top, he discovered the crater of an extinct volcano, partly filled with water, forming a small lake.

The view was almost breath-taking. Far below him he saw his camp, and the beach stretching its golden sands into the deep green of the ocean. Hoping to sight a ship, he scanned the horizon, but in vain. As far as he could see, the ocean



The Extinct Crater of the Volcano

was empty. Without hope, he turned to look to the westward.

He could hardly believe his eyes. Rubbing them, he looked again.

There below him, not far from shore, listing heavily, was a ship! Its masts were broken. It had been wrecked on the reef Tom had noticed the day before. The ship must have run aground during the night.

Tom's first impulse was to race down to the beach with all possible speed, eager to seek the companion-



The View Was Breath-Taking

ship of fellow human beings and perhaps to offer succor to any injured.

Then he decided that it would be wiser to proceed more carefully, for who knew what sort of crew the vessel had?



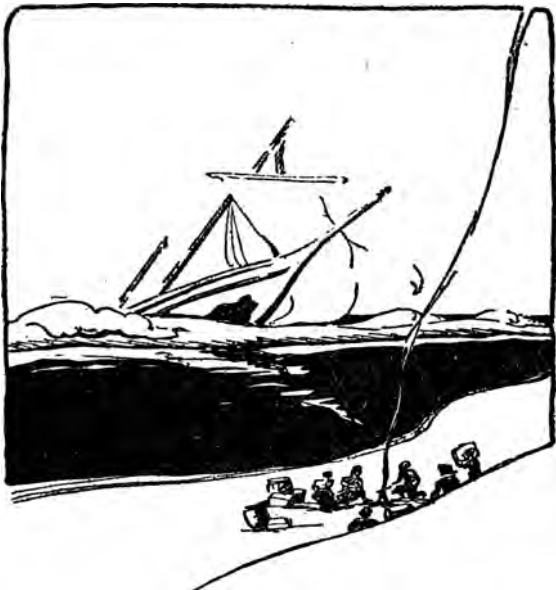
A Ship Had Been Wrecked

CHAPTER NINE

The Castaways

Far down on the beach, looking like pygmies from the height on which he stood, Tom saw some figures grouped about a fire. These must be the castaways from the wrecked vessel.

Tom made up his mind to get nearer, to spy on them.



Castaways Were on the Beach

Going as fast as he could and keeping quiet, Tom made his way downhill. Under the trees it was quite dark, for the day was almost gone, and Tom kept tripping over vines and creepers. Low-hanging branches scratched his face. but he kept steadily on.

It was almost with relief that he heard voices.

Proceeding with greater caution, he came to a place from which he could look out without being seen.



Tom Kept Tripping Over Vines

Darkness had fallen. Around a blazing fire on the beach were twenty or thirty men. Others were gathering wood or preparing a meal.

Seemingly much of the cargo of the foundered vessel had been saved, for stacked up on all sides were boxes and bales. Tom thought longingly of the food they might contain.

Then suddenly he saw something which made his eyes widen with honest surprise.



Around a Blazing Fire

There on the beach was the treasure chest of the "Revenge." No one could know that chest any better than Tom Trojan!

Was it the "Revenge" that had been wrecked on the reef? Tom looked more closely at the men around the fire. Their faces began to be familiar, and he recognized some of the members of the pirate crew.

Yes, and there, seated on a cask, his hands on his knees, scowling



Tom Recognized the Chest

with characteristic ill humor, sat Captain Sebastian "Black" Silver himself.

Disappointed though he was at this discovery, Tom thanked his lucky stars that he had had presence of mind not to run pellmell into the arms of his enemies.

Creeping back to the edge of the forest, Tom proceeded to his own camp. He spent the next hour, in spite of his almost overpowering weariness, in concealing his boat



There Sat Black Silver Himself

and removing from the beach every sign of his presence.

Then he entered his hut, threw himself down on the pile of rushes that served for a bed, and fell asleep.

With the morning, Tom decided that he must make preparations to escape from the island. It had been large enough for Tom alone, but it was much too small to hold him and the pirates together.

Remembering the discomfort of



Tom Entered His Hut

being at sea in an open boat without shelter from the sun and with very little water, Tom set about preparing more comfortable floating quarters. He first attempted to make some sort of large vessel to hold water. Having already noted a deposit of clay, he secured some and from it, by dint of much kneading and shaping, he fashioned a crude bowl and baked it in a fire.

He was very careful with the fire, seeing to it that there was lit-



He Fashioned a Rough Jar

tle smoke, lest some of the pirates see it and come to investigate.

Going down the beach, Tom also found some turtle eggs, which he cooked as part of his provisions. He caught several more fish, and gathered a supply of berries. These foods he placed on large leaves and stored in the bow of his boat.

It was necessary to spend another night on the island, and Tom, dismissing from his mind all anxiety, slept soundly.



He Cooked Provisions

The next day his bowl, or deep jug, was ready, and he filled it with water from the spring. During the afternoon he built at one end of his boat a shelter, using saplings he had cut for his hut and thatching them with broad leaves from the trees. This would serve to protect him from the broiling sun at mid-day.

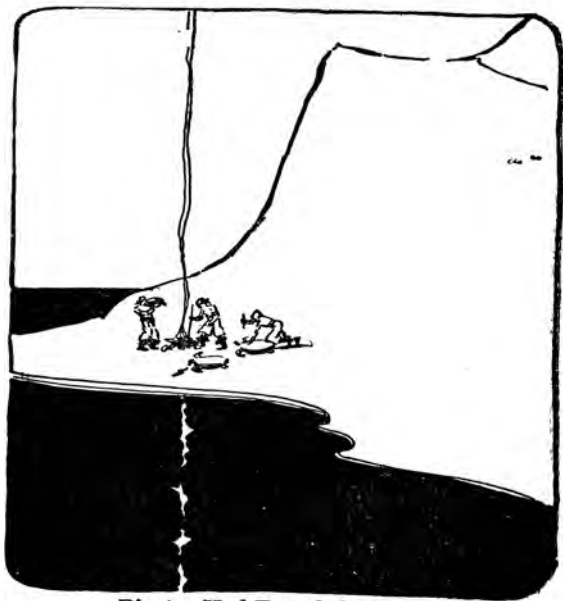
He remembered the turtles, and wished he had caught one, but when he started down the beach to hunt



Ready for Departure

he saw that several pirates had already found the terrapins and were busily replenishing their own larder. He therefore abandoned this plan.

Everything was in readiness, and Tom waited only until sunset before starting out. Then, with much tugging and pushing, he dragged his loaded boat across the beach and launched it successfully. The better to do this, he had taken off his shoes and rolled up his trousers legs.



Pirates Had Found the Turtles

Jumping in, Tom pulled away from shore, and rowed hard, following the stars, to put as great a distance as possible between him and the island now infested with pirates.

At last, when he felt safe, he pulled in his oars and lay down under his shelter to sleep.



Tom Launched His Tiny Craft

CHAPTER TEN

Thunder

Awakened by the violent pitching and tossing of his small boat, Tom found that it was raining. Jagged streaks of lightning cut through the blackness, showing Tom mountainous waves rising all around him.

At that moment, Tom would



He Wished to Be Back on the Island

have been glad to be back on Turtle Island, pirates and all.

Cold and wet, Tom at last fell asleep again with the rumble of thunder still dinning in his ears. When he awoke to find a dull gray day, he noticed that the rain had stopped but it seemed to him that the thunder continued to roar in the distance.

Then Tom listened more intently. The distant rumble did not sound exactly like thunder.



Tossed by the Waves

It was cannon! Those sounds meant that a battle of some kind was going on.

Hardly knowing whether to flee or not, Tom took a desperate course. Shipping his oars, he pulled lustily in the direction of the cannons' roar. Gradually the sounds grew louder.

At last, when his arms ached from exertion, a big wave lifted Tom's boat high up, and he caught a brief glimpse of two large ships



It Was the Roar of Cannon

engaged in mortal combat. Just as he saw them, one ship let go a broadside with great billows of smoke, but the sound of the firing did not reach Tom till his boat was again in the trough of the waves.

On another crest Tom rose, and in his eagerness to catch another glimpse of the naval engagement, he capsized his tiny craft. Plunged into the sea, Tom struggled to the surface and struck out with swift sure strokes.



Helped by a Floating Keg, He Swam

Heading for one of the ships, he came upon a floating keg, evidently lost from one of the fighting ships. Glad of this support, Tom put an arm round it and paddled with his free hand toward the nearest vessel.

Already the mainmast had been cut away, and ropes hung loosely over the sides. Seizing one of the dangling ropes, Tom went up hand over hand, clambering aboard.

Tom had made up his mind that



He Seized Some Dangling Ropes

he had to take his chance — or drown. Life at some risk was better than certain death.

He found himself on the deck of a brigantine which bristled with guns. Men stripped to the waist were working like demons, begrimed with smoke and powder. Some had bandages round their heads, or arms. Most of them seemed to have suffered some wound, and many lay about the decks dead or badly hurt.

For some moments Tom lay near



Up Hand Over Hand

the rail, getting his breath. No one noticed him.

Suddenly through the haze of smoke a huge black hulk appeared alongside. It was the enemy ship. As the two vessels touched, grappling hooks were thrown to fasten them together. A horde of wildly yelling men jumped onto the decks and engaged the defenders in hand-to-hand combat.

The attackers fought like savages. They were, Tom judged, pi-



A Fierce Fight Was in Progress

rates like the ruffians of the "Revenge," for they were armed to the teeth with pistols, swords, and cutlasses, and called to each other in a jargon of several foreign tongues which Tom could not understand. Brightly colored sashes and caps lent color to the desperate scene, and tattooings on chests and arms gave it a barbaric touch.

The battle was fierce and bloody. The defenders of the ship on which Tom had made his way fought vali-



Every Cutlass Dripped Blood

antly. The decks were littered with wreckage and weapons, and slippery with gore.

Tom kept well out of the way, and still no one espied him. Stealthily he reached out and secured a weapon, to be prepared to defend himself if necessary, and continued to watch the progress of the fight.



The Defenders Fought Valiantly

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Tide of Battle

Realizing that the battle was turning against the defenders, Tom began to think of what he might do to help. His sympathies were naturally with the crew of the ship which he had boarded, and it was obvious that the attackers were cutthroats and pirates.

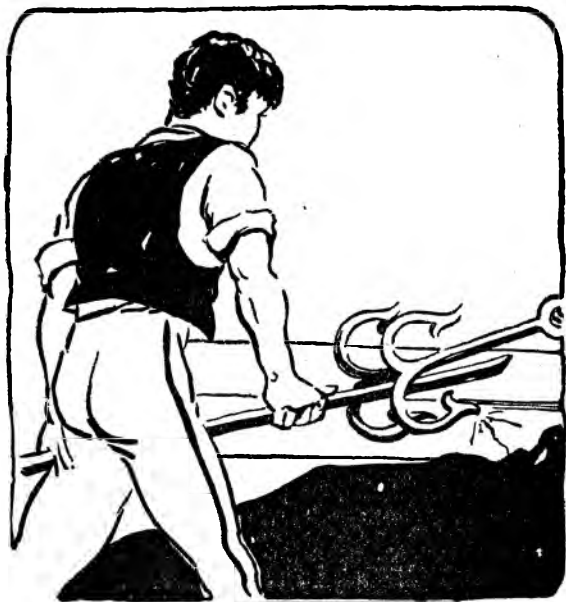


Fighting at Close Quarters

To make sure, Tom looked up and saw flying from the masthead of the attacking ship the skull and crossbones of the Jolly Roger.

It was clear to Tom that the grappling of the two ships together was disadvantageous to the defenders. He made his way around the stern to look at the grappling hooks, and, to his joy, discovered that they could be freed at that point.

Seizing a metal bar lying on deck, Tom worked quickly to pry the



Tom Loosened a Grappling Hook

hooks loose. Just as he succeeded, a mighty wave swung the two ships apart, breaking the stout hawser with which the invaders had lashed them together.

Many minutes passed before any of the fighters noticed what had happened. Then one of the attackers let out a yell, seeing that his base of operations was cut off. Desperate now, the pirates fought more fiercely. On the other hand, the defenders were given a new lease of



One of the Pirates Called Out

strength, and quickly subdued their foes with their terrific onslaught.

Then, in the midst of the fray, Tom noticed a man who, from his dress, must be the captain of the defenders' ship. He was in hand-to-hand conflict with two ruffians who had him backed to the mast, fighting for dear life. He thrust at and parried one with his swinging cutlass, and turned just in time to meet the onset of the other.

Tom found at his feet a gun



The Captain Was Sorely Beset

which had been dropped by one of the fighters. Picking it up, he saw that it was loaded. Aiming it and sighting along the barrel at one of the attackers of the captain, he fired.

The man fell just as he held his knife upraised, and in the next instant would have cleft the skull of his opponent.

The captain, now out of the desperate straits of having to stand off two men at once, quickly over-



Quickly Overcame His Last Adversary

came the adversary remaining.

The tide of battle now turned definitely in favor of the defenders. Many of the pirates threw down their weapons to surrender themselves. Others leaped overboard or were forced into the water to escape death by steel or bullet. The last of the attackers was finally dispatched, or captured and put in irons. When the wounded had been cared for, the captain approached Tom and seized his hand.



The Tide of Battle Turned

“My lad,” he said heartily, “you must have dropped from heaven. But for your timely shot I’d have been soon pinned to that mast. Where did you come from, son?”

“I’m glad to have been of service,” Tom said modestly. “I may add that if I have helped to save your life, you have helped save mine. I was capsized in a small boat, and managed to swim to your ship and climb aboard. What ship is this, sir, if I may ask?”



"Where Did You Come From, Son?"

“This is the ‘New Freedom,’ sailing out of Charles Town under orders to destroy all pirates, and I am her master, Captain Roberts. We overhauled this pirate vessel early today, engaged her, and had the cutthroats in such a plight that their only chance was to board us. You know the rest.”

Later, enjoying a steaming meal of fine food prepared by the cook, Tom Trojan told Captain Roberts his whole story, and explained how



Tom Told His Story

he had left Black Silver and his pirate crew on Turtle Island.

“Black Silver!” Captain Roberts exclaimed. “The scourge of the Caribbean. There’s a price on his black beard, my lad.”

The next day or two were spent by the ship’s carpenter, assisted by the crew, in repairing the damage done to the “New Freedom” in the battle with the pirates. Soon a new mainmast had been rigged and put in place, and the decks cleared and



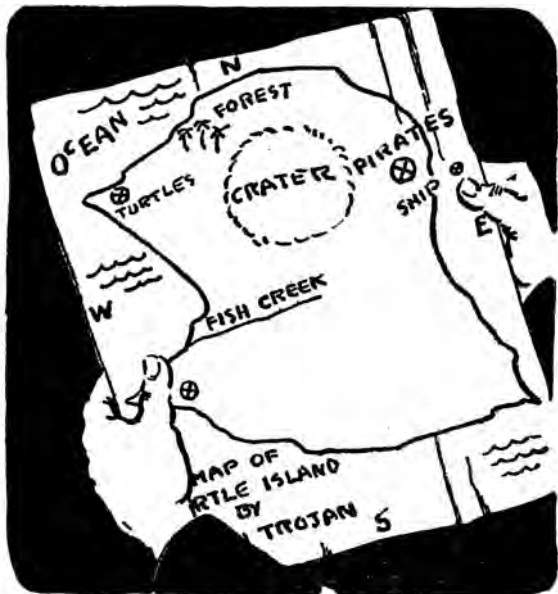
The Island Was Not on Any Chart

in shipshape order once more.

Captain Roberts could not find Tom's island on any of his naval charts.

"Uncharted or not," he told Tom, "now that we're in sailing trim again, we'll cruise around and have a look for that Turtle Island of yours. I'd like to 'rescue' Black Silver."

"I don't think Black Silver will be glad to see us," Tom laughed, happy to be among friends at last.



Tom Sketched His Map From Memory

CHAPTER TWELVE

Down With Piracy!

After several days of aimless sailing, land was finally sighted, just when Captain Roberts was about to give up in discouragement. Through a telescope Tom recognized the outline of Turtle Island. He had sketched a copy of his map from memory, and showed Captain



The Crew Piled out into the Waves

Roberts how the different points of the island stood out.

They hove to, anchored, and rode out the night off shore, on the side of the island opposite the pirate camp.

Just before dawn, the ship's longboat was lowered and manned by twenty men. Captain Roberts and Tom accompanied them as they rowed ashore. As they neared the beach, the crew piled out into the waves and waded ashore. The boat



Captain Roberts Outlined His Plan

returned to the ship for more men.

Captain Roberts, using Tom's map, outlined his plan to Mr. Broadsted, the first mate.

The mate took half the ship's company to approach the pirate camp from the south. Captain Roberts, leading the other half, would advance from the north. They planned to attack from both directions at the same time. Any pirates encountered on the way were to be taken prisoners. Either party was

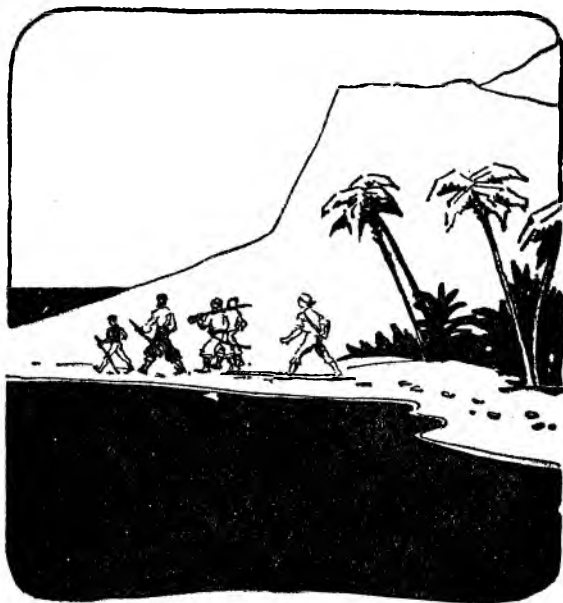


Tom Pleaded to Be Allowed to Go

to fire a musket three times to show that their presence had been discovered by the enemy.

Captain Roberts ordered Tom to remain behind, but the boy pleaded so to be allowed to accompany him that the captain relented and Tom became a member of the captain's party. Tom happily led the group around the shore, hiding within the line of trees whenever possible.

If Mr. Broadsted's party arrived first, his men were to hide in the



Tom Led Them Around the Shore

woods until the captain sent them word to open their attack.

At noon the captain's party stopped to eat and rest. Every man looked to musket and pistol, and made sure that cutlass and broadsword were free and easy to draw.

At last, with everything in order, the party moved forward. When they came within sight of the pirate camp, the men drew their swords, ready to demand immediate surrender.



Stopping to Eat and Rest

But the pirates had been forewarned and had made hasty attempts to throw up a barricade. Barrels, boxes, and bales had been placed in the form of a hollow square, with the pirates armed and ready inside.

A white flag was waved suddenly from inside the barricade. No shot had been fired.

"What do you want?" Captain Roberts shouted.

"We ask for a fair parley," was

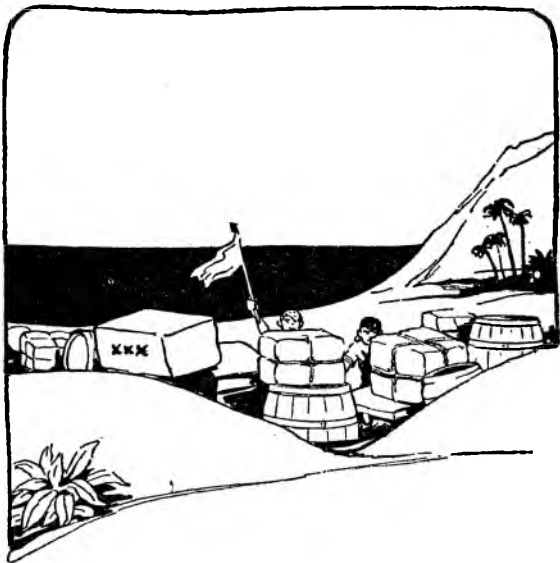


The Party Moved Forward to Attack

the reply, in a voice which Tom recognized as that of Black Silver.

“Your flag is of a lighter hue than that which you usually fly, I’ll wager,” Captain Roberts returned. “Well, come out and meet me half way. We’ll each bring two men—all unarmed.”

In a moment the black-bearded pirate leader climbed over his barricade, followed by two ruffians. Captain Roberts advanced to meet them, accompanied by two of his



A Flag of Truce Behind a Barricade

seamen. The rest of the men of the "New Freedom" kept their guns ready to meet with bullets any sign of hostility.

"We're poor shipwrecked sailors," Black Silver stated. "Can ye give us passage to America?"

"If you are what you say, what is the reason for the barricade and show of arms?" Captain Roberts asked.

"We were protectin' ourselves against savages," Black Silver an-



Captain Roberts Called to Them

swered glibly. "Bein' white men, ye surprised us."

Captain Roberts rubbed his chin.

"Ever hear o' Tom Trojan?" he asked.

The name was like a bombshell. Black Silver, who had not noticed the boy among the party, darted his eyes around until they saw Tom.

"Oho!" he bellowed. "So he's been tellin' ye lies, eh? He was my cabin boy once, an' never a more lazy an' good-fer-nothin' lad did I have. He



The Parley

ran away—stole one of our boats, an'—”

“Enough,” Captain Roberts interrupted. “If he lies, you can prove it. Permit us to disarm you and examine your bales and merchandise. If what the boy says is true, we shall find certain items that only pirates could have in their possession. Will you surrender?”

“Surrender?” Black Silver thundered. “Not while I have two hands to fight with!”



Black Silver Thundered Defiance

“Then the truce is over,” said Captain Roberts. “Prepare to meet powder and ball, sir.”

With that Captain Roberts turned on his heel and returned to his own party.

Marching back to his barricade, Black Silver waited there to watch and see his enemy's first move.



The Pirate Waited at the Barricade

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Force of Arms

Captain Roberts wrote a message on a slip of paper.

“Take this, Tom,” he ordered the boy, “and get it safely to Mr. Broadsted. I’m telling him to concentrate our main force in the woods, giving our men protection to within a hundred feet or so of



"Take This, Tom."

the barricade. Our right and left wings will keep the foe occupied from two sides while our main body attacks from the front."

Tom hurried off, and found that by going inland a little way he could safely go around the barricade. He delivered the message, and hurried back to tell Captain Roberts that all was in readiness.

The strategy of Captain Roberts was to leave about fifty of his men in plain sight on the beach to make



The Strategy of Captain Roberts

a demonstration which would draw the pirates' fire and divert their attention from the main attack, which would come from the woods. It was even hoped that the buccaneers might be coaxed from their barricade by an apparent show of weakness, and all of them captured with little if any bloodshed.

The beach party proceeded as planned, advancing on the barricade and firing round after round—with little effect, owing to the se-



Firing Round After Round

cure position of the defenders, who returned a strong fire. The crew of the "New Freedom" entrenched themselves in the sand and continued to exchange volleys.

Then the strategy worked. Black Silver, impatient for decisive action, leaped over the barricade leading his men in a sortie against the beach party. The "New Freedom" sailors retreated, under orders, luring the pirates into the woods.

"Stand an' fight like men, ye yel-



Entrenched in the Sand

ler swine!" Black Silver cried, angered when the sailors withdrew.

Almost at his words, the main force of Captain Roberts swept into action, and Black Silver saw that he had been duped. Turning, he ordered retreat, but the pirates left behind the barricade found themselves engaged by a separate attacking party.

As Black Silver's group regained the barricade, Captain Roberts reached it from the other side. A



"Stand an' Fight Like Moe!"

desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Without time to reload muskets, the men fell to fighting with knives and cutlasses. Both the pirates and the "New Freedom" men were well trained in the tactics of dueling at close quarters, and the fight was bitter and bloody.

Black Silver, his sword broken in his hand, was forced to surrender, cursing like a madman.

The pirates who survived the battle were taken under arms to the



A Desperate Conflict Ensued

"New Freedom" and placed in irons. Only one of them who escaped death also escaped this fate, and that was Mr. Scarlet. Tom Trojan had seen his former friend overcome two assailants and then leap into the woods. With a neglect of which Tom was never ashamed, the boy forgot to call anyone's attention to the fact that one pirate had escaped. He only hoped that Mr. Scarlet might find it possible to leave Turtle Island in some way.



Black Silver Had to Surrender

“One good turn deserves another,” Captain Roberts agreed, when on their homeward voyage, weeks later, Tom told him about it. “Some day I’ll stop at Turtle Island again, and take him off—as a castaway. He might be glad of the chance.”



The Pirates Were Taken Prisoners

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Pieces of Eight

Before sailing away from Turtle Island, Captain Roberts salvaged what he could of the pirates' possessions and treasures. Many of the boxes and barrels had been broken open and their contents trampled in the sand. But some bales of silk, boxes of spices, and



Salvaging the Merchandise

other goods, undoubtedly taken from conquered merchantmen, were saved.

The treasure chest, however, had disappeared.

"I'll bet somebody buried it," Tom said. "No pirate trusts another. Black Silver probably hid it, and he would have to put it where they could all watch it."

With this idea in mind, Tom set about searching for the chest. He was fairly sure that it would have



Tom Dug in the Sand

been buried somewhere near the barricade, in plain sight of all. At last he found a spot which seemed to have been recently disturbed.

Taking a shovel, the boy began to dig. Before long he struck something which gave a metallic clang. A cry brought Captain Roberts over, and he helped dig. In a few moments they had uncovered the stout chest.

For the second time, Tom Trojan had dug up pirate treasure—and it



The Chest Was Found

was the same treasure, for he could see where the chest, which he had once broken open, had been repaired.

Captain Roberts congratulated Tom.

“Lad, here is treasure worth a king’s ransom. Since you led us to it, half of it is yours. The other half we’ll divide among our crew, for their valiant fighting and undying loyalty.”

Tom was more than pleased with



Leaving Turtle Island

this arrangement, and he sailed away on the "New Freedom," leaving Turtle Island and pirate memories behind, with a full heart and an eager spirit.

As for the rest, Tom shipped before the mast of the "New Freedom," serving under Captain Roberts to learn able seamanship. Then he planned some day to own his own ship and sail the seven seas.

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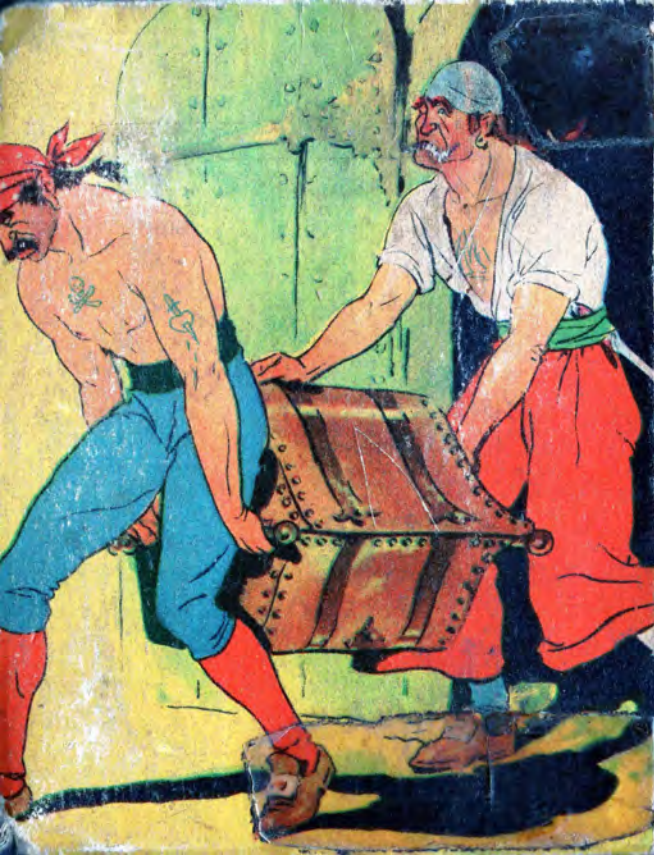
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